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The Mountain Man I Hide In

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The Mountain Man I Hide In

Rida Fatima

We're both bored and lonely and desperate.
That's a bad combination.
Mistaking company for connection,
sex for intimacy.
His bed is wrinkled with sadness which
holds me dearly like depression.

I never feel good after I leave.
I never feel good on my way there.
But the in between —

when I've got him over me,
under me, in my mouth —
the world comes to a stop.
Time is still. Thoughts are still.

We hold each other's guilt,
fill the empty space with small talk,
just to have someone to hold onto.

A body to fuck.
A mouth to kiss.
A name to hang on the wall.